

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the week
Not a staffer was stirring - we all were asleep!
The folders were hung by the doorway with care
In hopes that some good copy soon would be there;
The staffers were resting, asleep in their chairs,
As visions of articles danced through the air;
The girls on the couches, and I on the table,
Had racked out our brains just as much as we're able,
Then as Dug stood up there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the table to see what was the matter.
Away to the door I flew like a flash,
Tore open the door and heard one more crash.
The light, not sufficient to light up the room
Lent rather an atmosphere of forbidding gloom;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a small glowing light bulb to show an idea,
And the man below the bulb who tripped on the rug
With such care and precision I knew it was Dug.
More rapid than eagles his curses they came,
And he ranted, he shouted, pronounced them by name:
"Oh, Dashi! Oh, Dammit! You silly old nit!
Oh, come on, you stupid poor misguided twit!
To the top of the stairs, to the top of the hall!
Tell me how Toike editors keep their backs from the wall!"
As dry heaves that after the wild parties come
Making you wish that you didn't like drinking straight rum,
So up to the roof-top the curses they flew'
Appeals to Flash, and, yes - Hartwell too.
But all of a sudden I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of moose on the move;
I returned to the office and went back inside,
When guess who I saw, much to my surprise;
But Jolly St. Nicholas, wiping off snow,
Having come through the skylight to the office below.
A bag full of copy he had on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes - how they twinkled! His dimples - how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
He'd just come from DJ's and quite a few beers,
A hip flask in his pocket full of good Christmas Cheer,
A little hash pipe he held in his teeth,
And the smoke from the stuff went around like a wreath;
He had a red face and a little beer belly
That bounced when he moved like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and fat, a right jolly old elf
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
With a wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
He gave me some copy to stave off my dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to the door,
And filled all the folders, overflowing, and more;
Then laying a finger aside of his nose,
And giving an nod, through the skylight he rose.
I heard Dug returning, for donuts and tea,
But he stopped at the folders, and looked over at me;
And we heard the remark, as Santa went on his way,
"Happy Christmas to all, and RS and OJ!"

by - (sort of) Larch with apologies to C.C. (Moore, that is)



from
everybody

TOIKE OIKE

Number 5

IMPORTANT!
THE B.F.C. EMPHATICALLY DENIES
ANY KNOWLEDGE OF BUGGING
WIRETAP OPERATIONS IN THE
R.C.M.P. HEADQUARTERS
IN OTTAWA



How to Write Engineering Textbooks Effectively

The most important thing to know about Engineering textbooks is that they tend to be incoherent. Textbooks mean industry, which means that things are run like real life, everything subject to Lstiburek's Law (Murphy's Law as applied to built-in obsolescence). Everything that can go right, will. This means that to keep a complete textbook turnover every two years, a lot of work had to go into making a textbook very poor, yet at the same time making it look very good. Besides, if a text is too good, you'll never find anyone to publish it.

1. Topics - To write a textbook for Engineers, you first must choose a topic. Choosing the right topic is like choosing the right mate -- it must be done with the consumer in mind: the fatter the text, the higher the price, the wider the application. Thus, by choosing a very broad topic, 880 students in each of three courses will shell out \$20 each for a 600 page text, rather than \$12 each for three different 200 page texts. It is usually expected that a course cover only a fraction of the text anyway, so that not only does it make the student feel that five chapters isn't much for a half-term course, it immediately puts you on top as a man of superior knowledge who can write 30 chapters on a topic such as 'Differential Equations', or 'Physical Chemistry', or 'Statistics'.

2. Technical Aspects - Now that you have a suitable topic, you must turn it into a book. Start with the cover. It must contain Black (except in very rare cases) unless it is a Math text, in which case it must contain Blue. If it is a Chemistry text it must contain

Green as well. The dust jacket must have a psychedelic design on the front, usually a microscopic drawing of something or other. This gives the impression that the text is very up-to-date and relevant to today's needs. This, of course, is the need for the student to seek out and find neat pictures to look at during dull lectures or tutorials. Or else the cover should contain all kinds of bright colours, producing the same effect as the psychedelic dust jacket.

Of course the book must only be available in hardcover, and only in very limited edition; or else a new revision must be made every couple of years, the only criterion for a revision being that all the page numbers must be randomly changed. The print must be small, too small to use any standard yellow highlighters on, or to underline.

The paper must be either so glossy that it is impossible to read for more than five minutes without a severe headache setting in (two minutes under fluorescent light), or so absorbent that highlighters sink through the page. But this latter technique is only for the very revolutionary writers, and it is likely that after printing, the pen companies will come out with a non-penetrating highlighter. If the paper used has been recycled, this should be clearly stated on the back of the dust jacket. This will cause ecology-conscious engineers to forgive much in the quality of the textbook, and will make them less likely to consider the book a total loss.

The book should have one colour used throughout for use in illustrations in addition to the black and white. Two-tone illustrations are surprisingly harder to understand than black and white, and nobody would accuse you of

doing this intentionally. Besides this, colours such as ochre or royal blue can be exceedingly repulsive when used consistently in illustration after illustration. An interesting sidelight is the use of colours which will not photocopy in books intended as reference works.

3. Content - Start with a Preface. Whenever students get bored studying, or are so worried they'll miss something that they start at the very beginning, they read the preface. It should be between one and two pages, and always follows a set format. First, find out from your colleagues what the best features of your book are.

You should start your preface by apologising as to why the book isn't as a) detailed, b) broad, c) written in simple language, d) abounding in historical perspective, e) etc., as you would like it to have been, but that there were space limitations. Also say how you have tried to combine theory and practical problems as much as possible, and, if the book is a revised edition, that so much of the book has been revised. The student will then say to himself, 'Poor sod - it sure is a lot of work to write a good text with all that going against you. I guess my problems (I'm failing Calculus or whatever) aren't so bad after all.'

Finish off the Preface with a list of all the people who helped you write the book, and all the people you know with Doctorates. This shows that you are modest and a real human being.

Next is the 'Table of Contents'. The only thing here is that every chapter, section, and subsection should be listed here. This gives the student the impression that the author is very well organized, and

that any trouble in locating a section is his fault, not yours. The section titles should refer only in a roundabout way to the content, and should be as short as possible.

A good Engineering textbook author can fill a thousand pages merely by including a page and a half on everything, listing it all in the Table of Contents, for an extra fifteen pages, and then arranging it in alphabetical order in the Index for another twenty. (Note: the Index should be padded with the names of everyone named in the book, with the corresponding page numbers. If a law or formula was named after someone, do not include the page numbers on or near where the law appears.)

And now for the most important third of the book: the chapters. Always start the chapter off with a quotation or a short poem from someone who lived at least 100 years ago (the older the better) related vaguely to your subject, water, or the universe. This marks you as a literary man, and once again forces the student to take all the blame for unintelligibilities in the book. It is also useful to throw a few historical anecdotes into each chapter, so there is at least something the student can understand without reading over twelve times.

To organize a chapter, look up whatever there is in Schaum's on the subject, separate each law used into its own subchapter, change all the notation (Note: this is very important!), and derive all the formulae from first principles, using as much calculus as you can. Explain the meaning of each symbol once, and once only, and henceforth use only the symbol in all explanations.

Then throw in a couple of sample problems. The first should

be of the number-into-formula type. The second should be of the abstract type,

e.g. Find -- of a cylinder with height h , radius r , density ρ , and velocity v .

The third should be semipractical, but very difficult with one of the major steps totally unexplained.

Then a series of problems for the student to do. Some should be easy, some should be extremely difficult, and one or two should be moderately difficult. At the end of the book in a section labelled 'Solutions to Selected Problems', answers (not solutions) to the easy problems should be given, and maybe to the moderately hard problems if the wrong answer is given. Any moderately difficult (ie of the same difficulty as would be found on an exam) problems should be so specialized that no general knowledge can be gained from doing them. Remember that in no way should any of your problems be of the same type as those found in Schaum's under that heading. And since for most students, the end of any book is the end of one of the middle chapters, add a well-padded bibliography and that's all there is to it.

5. Special Cases

Computer manuals are a type on their own. They must be supercondensed, and each function must be given by itself, never in the context of a statement (eg never use $GT(X,Y)$ compares X and Y and sees which is larger). At the end of the manual you must include a couple of sample programs. These must be of the type that use the least common functions mixed with the absolute basics, all variable names being chosen with imagination and humour. There is a strange camaraderie among computer people, the unwritten code of which dictates that humour may be used in manuals. Also have many blank pages with 'This page intentionally left blank' written in the middle.

Chemistry texts should have 75% of all examples referring to the ethanol-water system, or a solution of sodium chloride in water, or the titration of HCl with NaOH.

All Statistics texts should refer to defective small machine parts coming off an assembly line. This gives the reader the impression that engineers and plant workers are all in the same class and are treated as such by the company.

All Electricity texts should refer to wires of infinite length only, and all Statics texts should refer to construction cranes or trusses. All Calculus texts should be abstract equations referring to nothing whatsoever.

Oh, and by the way, if nobody else will publish your text, there's always the U of T Press.

◆◆◆

A crusty old country doctor had been approached by the town gossip once too often. She wanted to know about Mrs. Brown's new baby. "The child was born without a penis," the doctor said.

"Oh," gasped the woman. "But," added the doctor, "She'll have a damn nice place to put one in eighteen years or so."

◆◆◆

What to do with an empty Blue.



When you're smiling, call for Labatt's Blue.

IKEOIKEJOIKESTOIKEOIKEJOIKESTOIKEOIKEJOIKESTOIKEOIKEJOIKESTOIKEOIKEJOIKEST

An Artisle and an Engineer who had been dating the same girl were comparing notes over a beer. "All I've been able to do so far is kiss her goodnight," admitted the Artisle.

"That's all I've been able to do, too," said the Engineer.

Tell me," asked the Artisle, "when you kissed her, did she say anything about letting you do more?"

"She may have," the Engineer replied, "but I wasn't hearing too well. Her thighs were covering my ears."

....

Three chance hunting acquaintances were swapping personal bravery yarns around the campfire. "And then there was the time," drawled the Artisle, "that I stomped a pair of rattlers to death—barefoot!"

"Which reminds me," countered the Jock, "of that full-grown grizzly I once did away with—barehanded!"

They both looked at the Engineer. But he just sat there silently, half-smiling and dream-like, occasionally reaching out to poke the embers of the fire with his penis.

....

It was midnight when the phone rang at police headquarters. The desk sergeant answered and a shrill voice reported, "There's a sex maniac in my house." (obviously an Engineer.)

"Try to be calm lady," the cop said reassuringly, "we'll have a patrol car there in a few minutes."

"Oh, that's not necessary," the caller replied, (probably a Nurse.) "Just send someone around to pick him up in the morning."

....

While walking through town one morning the young priest was approached by a woman who purred, "A quickie for five bucks!"

Obviously confused by this advance, the Father continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another prostitute beckoned him with "A quickie for five bucks!"

The priest returned to the parish and encountered the Mother Superior. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Mother, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the nun, "same as in town."

....

The lawyer was interviewing a shapely applicant for the job of private secretary. "Tell me, young lady, can you type 50 words a minute?" he enquired.

"No sir, I can't," she admitted.

"Or maybe 40 words a minute?"

"No sir."

"Or even 30...?"

"No sir."

"Well then," he said somewhat discouraged, "are you just a hunt-n-pecker?"

"No sir!" exclaimed the girl. "I'm already engaged!"

A forester who became very rich when he discovered the cure for Dutch Puck Disease went to a whorehouse.

"I'll give \$100,000!" said he. One promptly answered, "I'll do anything."

So they retired to the back room. The forester asked her to take off her clothes, and then he knelt over her and crapped in her face. "I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!! Can I meet you again tomorrow night, same deal?"

"Sure, why not?"

Well to make a long story short, this went on for nearly a year. On the 298th night, the forester went once again to the house of ill repute and retired with his lover.

He once again pulled down his pants and knelt over her. Grunting and panting, he tried and tried to shit. Alas, the best he could do was a very loud fart.

"What's the matter," whimpered the prostitute, "don't you love me any more??"

....

"I'm in love with my horse" the nervous artisle told his psychiatrist.

"Nothing to worry about," consoled the psychiatrist, "many people are fond of animals. As a matter of fact, my wife and I have a dog we're very attached to."

"But doctor," continued the troubled artisle, "I feel physically attracted to my horse."

"Hmmm," observed the doctor, "Is it male or female?"

"Female, of course!" the artisle replied curtly. "What do you think I am, queer?"



What's the definition of a chastity belt? It's a public defender.

....

A distraught newlywed rushed into a psychiatrist's office and begged for help. "Since the wedding my sexual appetite has become insatiable. I have relations with my wife at least six times a night but that's not enough!" he explained.

The doctor thought about the problem for a moment and then asked, "would you consider having an affair?"

"I've got one going now that's good for three more times a week," sobbed the patient, "and I want more!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the analyst. "You've got to get a hold of yourself!"

"I do," the man shrieked, "Twice a night; but even that doesn't help."

....

In the darkness of the all-but-empty theater balcony, the couple embraced so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head. Groping in the darkness to find it, he reached under his date's skirt.

"That's it, that's it," she gasped. "It can't be," the fellow retorted, "I part mine on the other side."

Did you hear about the nurse who was so dumb, she thought a penal colony was an all-male nudist camp.

....

After a wild freeway chase, the motorcycle cop waved the speeding sports car over to the curb. When he walked up to the driver's window, he was surprised to find a very attractive blonde behind the wheel. "Ma'am," he said, "I'm afraid were going to have to give you a Breathalyzer test to see whether or not you've been drinking."

The test was taken and as the officer eyed the results, he said "Lady, you've had a couple of stiff ones."

"That's amazing!" the girl cried. "You mean it shows that too?"

....

Have you heard about the freshman nurse who decided not to sign up for a course in sex education? She heard the final exam would be oral.

....

A research assistant at the U. of T. who had conducted a sex survey phoned one of the participating husbands and said, "Sir there's a discrepancy in your answers. Under 'Frequency of Intercourse,' you've put 'Twice a week', while your wife wrote 'Several times nightly.'"

"Yes that's right," replied the man, "but that's only until we get the second mortgage on our house paid off."



Plymouth Colony had fallen on evil days and Governor Bradford called a meeting to berate the townspeople for their wayward practices.

"Terrible deeds are being done," he said. "Men are illicitly knowing their neighbours' wives and daughters; men are having vile relations with other men. And there is bestiality—human beings fornicating with dogs and cats, horses and cows, pigs, sheep, chickens—"

From the back of the room came a voice of disbelieving horror: "Chickens?"

....

"Oh father oh father, I've come to confess.

I've just left a girl in a terrible mess. Her blouse is all tattered, her tits are all bare. There's a lump in her belly that shouldn't be there!"

"Oh son, oh son, with you I am vexed. When I was your age I used a Durex!"

"Oh father, oh father, don't be unjust.

I used one, too, but the fucking thing bust!"

....

"Forgive me, Father," confessed the embarrassed engineer. "I made love to a beautiful virgin last night."

"That's terrible," the cleric groaned. "Was it Cynthia Goodrich?"

"Please don't ask me that" the fellow pleaded.

"Was it the Carruthers girl?" the man of the cloth prodded.

"I don't want to answer," he insisted.

"Well, was it Anne Fullerton then?" the priest demanded.

"I simply refuse to tell you," the young engineer declared firmly.

"All right, my son," the cleric sighed, "For admitting your guilt you are forgiven, but you'd better see me again next week."

Leaving the church the engineer met his best friend, who had waited for him outside. "How did our confession go?" the friend inquired.

"Not bad," the engineer replied. "I got a week off and three new leads."

....

An engineer on a crowded bus put his hand on the shoulder of an attractive girl sitting next to him. "Couldn't you find a more suitable place for your hand?" asked the young girl sharply.

"I'm sure I could," replied the engineer, "but I get off at the next stop."

....

Visiting a lawyer for advice, the wife said, "I want you to help me obtain a divorce. My husband is getting a little queer to sleep with."

"What do you mean?" asked the attorney. "Does he force you to indulge in unusual sex practices?"

"No, he doesn't," replied the woman, "and neither does the little queer."

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl questioned her mother: "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient dear," the mother answered knowingly. "If you're good, you'll get one when you grow up, and if you're very good, you'll get quite a few."

....



Reminiscing with her girlfriend about their childhood, the young nurse asked, "Did you ever play with jacks?"

"Oh, yes," her friend replied, "And with Tommy's, Bill's and Freddy's."

....

A man was sitting at home in his kitchen, when he looked out the window and saw a gorilla sitting up in a tree in his back yard. So right away he called up the local animal society to explain his situation.

The man from the society listened to his story and said "No problem. This happens all the time. I'll be over with our never-fall gorilla catching equipment."

Soon he arrived, and he brought with him an english sheepdog, a pair of handcuffs, and a gun. Then he brought the man outside of the house and they went to the foot of the tree. He gave the man the handcuffs and the gun, and explained the procedure to him.

"Very simple. I will get as close as I can to the branch the gorilla is on, shake it, and the gorilla falls to the ground. The english sheepdog is trained to bite the gorilla in the balls, whereupon the gorilla doubles up in pain, and crosses his hands over his crotch. At this point you will run in and slap the handcuffs on the gorilla." Then the man from the society starts to climb the tree.

"Wait a minute, says the man from the house 'what do I do with the gun?'"

"Oh, yeah. If I fall out of the tree, shoot the sheepdog."

....

While they were parked in lovers' lane one dark night, the young nurse suddenly exclaimed, "Oh...oh, please don't do that or I'll go all to pieces!"

"Go right ahead," panted her date. "I've got hold of the part I want."

....

A group of male students were tanking up at the pay-when-served campus pub. When the waitress had delivered more beer, the buyer for the round, an Artisle, paid and then put down a dime on the serving tray. "Ten cents?" the woman asked incredulously.

"Yeah," answered the big tipper. "It's a sort of symbolic thing with me—a penny for each of my masculine inches."

"But what," countered the waitress, "is the extra five cents for?"

....



IT COMES IN HANDY ALONG ABOUT THE FIFTH BEER.

Turner 11

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been holding back this Toike because I wanted to have my Christmas list ready for it, so that I could save on postage to the North Pole. Now I've finally got it ready so that the fifth and last before Christmas Toike is ready to go.

I know that your elves read the Toike so I hope that one of them shows it to you, even if you yourself are not in the habit of reading the Toike, which is also known in some circles as the scourge of Toronto.

Here, in no particular order, is a list of people I owe something to for something in the course of the last year, and as I am almost broke from all the running around and high spending I've done as an editor and generally a big man on campus (and reputed to be rich), they're left up to you.

Bonnie Carson — A Negative-1 Valence

Sodium Ion
Joe Lstiburek — Something we agree on
Giggles — A year's supply of Wake-up
Giggles' Mother — Some company at dinner from time to time
Pete Noble — A 6-foot high plastic sign with a mouse on it that you can get with just a screwdriver
Eric Hartwell — A Metro Filler Book
Al Flancman — A \$29 Porsche Turbo
Pat Burchat — An officially single room
Mike Nettleton — A wallet-size photo of Jim Burpee
John MacDonnell — A whole pile of blank undated receipts
Bob Keen — A seventy without having to do anything
Linda L. Smith — An 18-foot bathtub (sunk, with candle)
Bruce Thomson — A turnout of more than 5 bandmembers on the same night
Larry Neumeister — A large name tag that

says "BAND LEADER"

Mary Ann Kennedy — A guest list of Skule people.
Mark Czerwinski — A gallon of Poland's finest
Dave Bowden — A brunette nurse with blonde hair and 6-foot long legs.
Mike Hanisch — A photocopy machine in the Athletic Stores
Greg Fitz — A lucky break at the Buffalo raceway (who rolls skates)
Mario Cularaj — Some balls of his own so he can give us back ours.
The SAC Van — Early (and well-earned) retirement.
The Communications Committee — Some power in the darkroom
The Computer Centre — A fire-proofed building
Ken Smith — A combination cash register-pinball machine-computer-game of chance
Bob Beasmont — Ear plugs
Chris Webber — A large "P"
June Massey — An extra foot (not an extra leg)
Jim Picknell — An extra leg
Dean Elkin — A quiet Engineering Society
942 & 249 — Good luck
John Tuzyk — A recipe for pumpkin pie
Karen Kennedy — A ready-written paper
Annie Nurse — A nice write-up in the Toike
Jane Zukovs — A real name of her own
Graham Whideman — A brass bed with orange upholstery
Chub Letenye — Equipment from a stereo magazine (not Lampoon)
Ellen Rochman — Being allowed to change
Bill Mark — The girl on the ski-tote ad
Paul K. T. — An infinite can
The Mickey Mice — A case of beer and a large hunk of cheese

Doug Gerhart — His map of the steam tunnels back
Isabel — A little penguin
Doug Pickett — A top-hat diode in his camera
Bryan Hackett — Books that balance
Rick Johnston — The repudiation of all charges against Knox
Forestry — A nice picture to hang in their common room when they get their common room again
John Cocchio — Someone you can really bid on
Tom Simpson — A map of the route to his apartment
John Kenny — The chance to spread culture(s) to the masses
Mike N. — A Toike on a Thursday
Graham Skells — Enough material for a show and a half
Vince Sciani — The SAC van when it retires
Rob Yales — A self-cleaning amphitheatre
Jim Burpee — A wallet-size photo of Mike Nettleton
Mike P. Rowdy — Some books to put in his briefcase
Mark Ewen — Anonymity
Bruce Duff — 300 couples

You have to understand, Santa, that this is not a complete list; time and other pressing things having gotten in the way, but I think they are deserved, and where it's possible maybe I'll help you deliver. In any case, let everybody know that I wish them the very merriest of Christmases and a Happy New Year, and maybe I'll see them then.

And if you have any extra cash floating around...

Best wishes
Dug

Fred Gitz — I'm not even here so why am I signing this?

Steve Dembicky - 4Q2

Jymmi eM. — It's almost over, George

Paul K.T. — This one's for Deb Pharm (AWKSSFSVD)

Bobby — Eat your heart out, Ron

Anne — If my legs were longer, I could wrap them around farther

Dave Bowden — If my legs were longer, I'd be taller.

Dug — Why was the Toike 3 weeks late?

Greg Fitz — Doing my Christmas shopping in Pennsylvania with Rose and Tammy

B. Mark — Greetings to Pharmacy (Waldo (Tits!)) and to a Yiddish-a-kopf at Urindale.

Mike N. — Pharmacy. Does he really look cute in a dress?

B. Thomson — Clap is the B side of love

Kwik Karl — Steals from the rich, gives to the poor.

Graham — MAGHFWG opening soon!

Giggles — AWG? [Very -ed.]

Flash — My Albatross Grows Heavy Flying Without Glue

RS & OJ — 1002

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Chuckie Chub — Sex is like the sky: you reach out for it and you get a handful of 'air

Mellow Yellow — Break I-O for a beaver who wants to go 10-69 for a short.

Wendy (Chem) Eng — But I wasn't here. Honest!

BaNa2 — Maybe if I changed my name to a more stable compound I would stop getting dizzy

Cynthia Nurse — I believe in Hedonism!

Claudia — for Ray at New Larch — Hello to 8th upper (Nice party, ladies in red!) and McCloud L. Neumeister — National Pickle Day is coming ... are you prepared?

Dave Beaton — Why do they call me incredible?

Mr. Wang — Once again

Jon Roma — My work has a continuous frequency spectrum!

John Kenny — a star is hatched (got any spare legs)

Royal Outcast — Taking the hedonistic view of beer, music and Cynthia Nurse.

J.B. - Usedtolooklike — just taking the hedonistic view.

Mike P. Rowdy - I'll try anything once (well almost!)

Linda L. — I'm willing to 960 anybody, anytime, anyplace, anyhow? anywho?

GODIVA'S BOX

Dear Editor,

I would like to complain about the reign of terror and senseless vandalism that this campus is being subjected to. Can't something be done about this? Is there no way to make the streets and classrooms safe for the common person once again? Can nothing be done?

Surely you Engineers are the only ones who can help us now. The mice have shown themselves to be helpless (as well as incompetent), the Strand isn't even worth reading, and SAC is preoccupied with pumpkin soup.

PLEASE HELP US!!

Stop the Varsity.

Stop Mario's Marauders.

Free this wave of crime.

Free the penguins.

Solidarity with the aardvarks.

Down with negativism!

love,

Ken Kensington

Dearest Box,

This is in answer to a letter from a Band member on a matter of great importance.

Dear B.J. Neumeister, "the Madhatter",

I couldn't wait till you and Godiva got together over 'National Pickle Day' or over anything else. I couldn't bear the thought of her becoming encumbered with such sour ideas. She would have to be half-crocked before she would help. So I suggest that you sweeten your act before I jar you with a good beating. Now that you've got a grip on yourself, I'll tell you more about N.P.D. This year N.P.D. will be held in the Wilson Hall Dining Room at Gnu Collich on Wednesday, January 18, 1978.

So if you want to be on hand for the unscrewing of the first one, and partake of the festivities or just

to take it all in, we'll show you what N.P.D. is all about. It's open to everyone so cum one, cum all.

And as far as I'm concerned you still are a dumb Ffrosch.

The Riddler (ha! ha!)

Chem Eng IV

P.S. I relish the idea of winning that coveted bottle of pickled corn.

Dear Toike Oike

We are two first year farts and science students who wish to congratulate you on your marvellous publication and the skill with which it is executed. Last year during moments of weakness we unfortunately made the mistake (being naive high school undergraduates) of accepting dates from engineering students at Centennial College. Being as understanding as we are, and realizing that they had to catch a plane at seven o'clock the next morning (which for U of T students is considered sleeping in) we didn't think twice about the suggestion of partying at one of their homes. The excuse put forth was that they needed their beauty sleep and didn't want to expend their energy (you know, money) by going out.

Great Expectations! What a build-up! What a night we anticipated! What a let-down. My date, Wilbur, rocked himself to sleep at 8:30, after two or three beers. My girlfriend's date, Myron, tried to carry her off to moments of madness. Alas, the little twit couldn't lift her. She weighs an obese 110 pounds.

They kept their promise and the party broke up (or should we say, threw up) at 9:30. Was it only 9:30? They actually went out of their way and walked us to the bus stop. What gentlemen.

After our traumatic experience (which will never be

repeated) we thought engineers were as thrilling as chapped lips, possessing all the charm of a wet diaper. Of course we have higher hopes for U of T engineers. It couldn't get any worse.

Love and Kisses

Jenny B

Michelle T

P.S. I first heard about the Toike two years ago from a girl I worked with. She told me about your band and how you carry placards with the name of your favorite beer. I was quite shocked and asked her "Does Labatts approve of them?" She replied "No. They approve of Labatts!"

-Bye! J.

Silly girls! Everybody should know that there aren't any Engineers at Centennial College. Some technologists maybe but that's just not the same. The Toike stuff would be only too happy to correct any disillusionment these two imposters may have caused. You should have been tipped off when they started talking about their energy shortage. Call us at 978-5377 to find out about real engineers.

Or come out to the next mokeup on January 15, 1978. We'll be expecting you at 20 St. George St., third floor from 4:00 on.

-Ed.

Dear Box:

I hope that you can help me with a problem. I have waited quietly for over a month but still have not received the \$25.50 which S.A.C. owes me. Let me explain:

The day before Oktoberfest some people who are almost certainly members of S.A.C. knocked down the tents which had been set up on the Front

Campus. On Friday morning I and about a dozen fellow students put the tents back up. By coming the aid of the Engineering Society and S.A.C. (it was a joint Eng. Soc. - S.A.C. event, wasn't it?) we saved those organizations from splitting an even worse deficit than was actually incurred. Unfortunately there was not enough time to get Physical Plant to put up the tents, but since they certainly would have been paid to perform this task I know that you will agree that I should be paid. Although the job took only an hour, labour regulations set a minimum of three hours pay whenever someone is called to work. Hence I submitted a bill for three hours at \$8.50 per hour (What do you want a degree for? - be a U of T. groundskeeper).

I hope that you will help me in this fight against the slave labour by those capitalistic oppressors at S.A.C.

P.S. As my life has been threatened by C.A.S.O.S.A.C. (the Committee Against Spitting On S.A.C.) I beg that this letter be printed anonymously.

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for your excellent newspapers, I have been receiving now, for some time. It helps a lot to cheer a guy up in this retirement business.

Kindly note our change of address, and thanking you once again for your consideration and kindness.

Yours truly
Geo. Robinson (Porter)

Dear Box:

It has come to my attention through an artsie smart enough to figure these things out but not smart enough to shut up about them, that a recent Varsity article

should have been of some (— 0) interest to any concerned U. of T. student. The article concerned a group called "Is Five" (some artsie once hypothesized that two and two is five, and this group believed him) which is recycling Varsity's for scrap paper.

The article proudly revealed that the group recycles \$6.00 worth of scrap paper a week, at about \$.0003 per paper or 20,000 copies a week. This means that approximately 1/3 of the Varsity's production is what SAC considers a complete waste, and accordingly delivers to recyclers. Clearly there is a message here, and it does not concern the joys of recycling. The Varsity spends approximately \$300 a week, or \$9000 per year producing raw materials for recyclers. Not bad for a "\$150,000 operation".

The world is, as we know, an enclosed Oikos (not related to Oike) system. All resources are finite and often only partially renewable. Why is all this paper being wasted to print extra copies of the Varsity? The paper would be much easier to recycle, and thus much more valuable, if it didn't have all that dirty ink on it. And if it were delivered directly to the recyclers the night before, the use of the SAC van to distribute it around campus and then pick up the untouched copies of the last issue would be greatly reduced, thus freeing it for more important duties like the Toike deliveries, B.F.C. capers (if the B.F.C. existed) and a full-time orgy-mobile. It is a pity no Varsity staffer is likely to read this letter. They don't read.

Save a Tree
Eat a Beaver for Lunch

K.T. Paul

Dear Box,

I feel compelled by a sense of duty and propriety to complain about issue no. 4. It was thoroughly and unmitigatingly disgusting. It is sad to think that such an excellent and necessary facet of campus life has been irretrievably wasted in one fell swoop. (ie. that last issue) Your last publication full of trash was unsuitable even for toilet paper, rendering the 'Green Toike' which preceded it to classic status. Initially I had the impression that nothing could attempt to be as revolting as a green cover, but your use of the close-up of a gorilla beating off just turned my stomach into a knotted mass.

Further, I must complain about the article on "The Electrical

Properties of Infants". How gross! HOW GROSS! The article goes on to describe that after a potential of 1.89KV at 300 amps, further increases in potential or current leads to arcing and melting. I repeat, HOW GROSS! Everyone knows that it is common practice to never apply more than 1.69 KV at 138 amps!

In closing I must wonder why the Toike must come out so often. They used to come out only once in a blue moon; but now they come out promptly every three weeks.

Signed: A Philosopher.

P.S. - Where did you get the picture of the gorilla??

Dear Godiva's Box,

In the last Toike there was an article publicizing the LGMB's new album. The band claims that the album is worth \$4.00. This is not entirely true. The album is only worth \$2.00 but the album cover is worth \$2.00 making the entire package worth \$4.00.

This leads to a major economic problem. Assume that it costs \$3.00 to produce one album and \$0.25 for an album cover. This leaves a profit of \$0.75 per unit sold. If you assume sales of 200 units per year for the next three years and a cost of capital of 10 per cent this leads to a net present value of only \$39.52. If however you forget the album altogether and sell the album cover only for \$2.00 this will give a profit of

\$1.75 per unit. Assuming the same sales and cost of capital the net present value for this investment is \$844.76. We therefore suggest that from now on you forget about making albums and devote your time to producing wonderful album covers like the one adorning **Band With the Runs**. (Who said CHE 456F, Economic Evaluation in the Process Industries was useless)

Yours truly,

— **MISSEN'S MARAUDERS** * [Missen's Marauders is a registered trademark of **CHEM ENG 778 Inc.** Any reproduction in whole or in part [eg. Mario's Marauders] without permission is a direct infringement of copyright laws.]

This is a coded message for those whom it may concern: Be it known that a certain person knows of the existence of a certain letter from a certain person to a certain specialized publication; further, that the latter person is totally erroneous in the details of the reporting, and if you print that, I will SUE.

signed, 'J' AWKESP

This threat was received by the staff of the Toike shortly after the receipt of a very interesting as well as fairly personal letter concerning the sordid past of Joe Lstiburek, AWKESP.

As the Toike is not a slander rag, it was not intended to print the letter. However, in the interest of journalistic integrity, and for the interest of our readers, who after reading the above submission should be very interested, it was decided to reverse our decision and print the letter in its entirety.

It appears below. Smirk in good humour

—Ed.

Dear Toikie Oikie,

Yes, I'll confess; I, an arts student, stooped so low as to pick up a Toikie Oikie. First I made sure that no one was watching. Having read my first copy, I have to admit that I did find it mildly amusing. What caught my eye were the numerous references to the illustrious president of the Engineering Society, Joseph W. Lstiburek — among them — "Lstiburek is a Polish social disease." That is a blatant example of journalistic inaccuracy — Joseph is Czechoslovakian, not Polish.

But my purpose in writing this letter is not merely to give credit where credit is due, rather it is to shield Joseph from a phenomenon that often plagues public figures. Deification. I realize that it is most easy for an adoring public to lose touch with reality. Well, I won't have this happen to my pal Joey, no sir. I've known Joe for thirteen years (quite an accomplishment) and believe you me, engineers, he is human. As incredible as it may seem, Joe has faced humiliation, a fairly normal occurrence for humans.

The embarrassing incident took place four years ago at Toronto International Airport. There were twenty-nine of us, twenty-five students and four teachers, about to fly off to China, but first we had to pass through security. We all walked through the arch which was a metal detector with no problems. All of us, that is, except for Joe. When he walked under it there was an explosion of alarms and red flashing lights. Two armed guards grabbed him and removed him from the platform. Upon frisking him, they found a lump in his breast pocket. The lump turned out to be a prophylactic wrapped in aluminum foil. Well, if Joe had been wearing a red turtleneck it would have been difficult to tell where the sweater left off and his face began. The guards smirked at each other and returned the prophylactic to Joe.

Now if that wasn't humiliation, I don't know what is. So the next time Joseph W. Lstiburek comes up to you and you can't decide whether to bow, salute or curtsie, stop, think of this incident, and just smirk.

Yours truly,

Oksanna Zbilyj

THE CHRISTMAS THAT DOESN'T EXIST

by Iarch

A True Story of the Very Hard Times of Santa Claus

or: Why The BFC Cannot Exist

scene - The North Pole, Santa's Winter Palace.
time - Not so long ago.

Santa has had a very hard time preparing for Christmas. The elves have been exceptionally obnoxious, continually appearing late for work in a terribly inebriated state, and raising the gall to strike for less hours and more beer money. Mrs. Claus has contracted gonorrhea from Rudolph and passed it on to Santa. The reindeer have been breeding like rabbits, and the eight originals became forty-three before Rudolph's gonorrhea left all but seven youngsters and Rudolph dead. The seven young reindeer have never pulled the sleigh and are mortified at having to fly, especially at night. They are claiming that Christmas is a union holiday, thus requiring triple pay plus benefits, and danger pay for the flying, especially at night. On December 22 Santa arrives home to find Rudolph sprawled on the carpet, pissed to the very gills, and his little nose shining redder than it had ever been. Mrs. Claus is sitting stoned in the corner, knitting booties out of 22 gauge copper wire. At this point, Santa blows up.

Santa: Jesus Fucking Christ! I've damn well had just too much shit from all you fuckheads! I've had it! You can find another fucking Schmanta Claus! And as for this goddamn stupid red monkeysuit

(as he tears it off) you can damn well stuff it up your ass! Fuck Christmas! Piss on you all!

Santa storms out, his face purple with rage, and he slams the door with such force that all the icicles on the palace are shattered. Mrs. Claus is shattered, too, and she begins to sob wildly.

Mrs. Claus: Oh, Shi! (she begins to cry) Now he'll never be back! (she sobs in great heaves) And what about all those sweet little innocent children who would rather give a pound of flesh than forfeit Christmas? (now she is hysterical) Oh, Santa, you stupid bastard! Oh, dear Rudolph, what shall we do?

Rudolph responds by puking at her feet. Suddenly, Mrs. Claus is seized by the true Christmas Spirit, and realizes her evil ways. She vows to repent, and vows to devote her life to save Christmas, so that it will never disappear, not ever. And she works with incredible devotion and speed. The next day, December 23, she manages to persuade the elves that a capitalist-stained Christmas just is not right. The elves, with their inbred sense of propriety, are touched by Mrs. Claus' sincerity, and agree never again to cause trouble, promising as well to be sober for work. Then Mrs. Claus approaches the reindeer, who are also basically good at heart (as most of us are), and her honesty and enthusiasm catalyze the Christmas Spirit among the youngsters, who agree to learn to fly, even at night.

Soon the whole palace is humming with joy and love, except for Mrs. Claus and

Rudolph; but you can chalk one more up for Mrs. Claus, pointing out that it was Santa himself who had given Rudolph his big chance. Mrs. Claus suggested that a suitable gesture for Rudolph to make would be to clean up his promiscuous practices and lead the reindeer team for Santa. Fortunately, Rudolph was very sober at the time and listened to Mrs. Claus' requests.

But Santa had not yet returned. Mrs. Claus was very worried, as she had heard not a word from Santa since his violent departure, and was wondering where she could get a replacement, when she thought that there was a knock at the door. She answered the door.

Mrs. Claus: Did you knock?
BFC. Chief: No.

Mrs. Claus: Then don't come in.

The BFC Chief enters, and Mrs. Claus pours out her troubles to him and outlines the present problem, asking him if he can help.

Mrs. Claus: Can you help us out?
BFC: No.

Mrs. Claus: Wonderful! What won't you do for us?

BFC. Chief: Well, I'll round up eight upstanding and non-existent members of the BFC (which does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist) to help you out. You can get your elves to make eight small-sized sleighs, and each one of the boys will ride in a sleigh and distribute gifts all over the world. With the greater manpower and the inexperience at entering chimneys which will cancel out, we should be finished in about normal time.

Mrs. Claus: How will I ever thank you wonderfully non-existent BFC?

BFC. Chief: DON'T mention it.

So, on Christmas Eve, the Greatest Caper Ever Undertaken is, as usual with the BFC, a great success. Of course, no one breathes a word of Santa's real non-existence; however, even though things are running smoothly at the North Pole, everyone's hearts up there are deeply saddened.

Then, on December 31, word reaches the North Pole that Santa has attempted suicide by pulling the hairs of his beard off his face, one by one. Fortunately, he has been rescued by an Antarctic medical team, who have transported him back to the North Pole. When Santa has recovered and is mobile he tours the palace, and realizes that the situation has righted itself. On his return to his home, he breaks down into tears, wondering what ever possessed him to commit the mistakes he did. Santa is filled with sadness and remorse, but Mrs. Claus soothes him, pointing out that all at the palace are willing to forgive Santa, provided Santa is willing to forgive them.

Soon relations are fully restored, and Santa realizes that he can handle the administration of the North Pole and maintain his image among all children by hiring the BFC, every Christmas to do his deliveries. Presently, everything is restored to normal, and Christmas has been saved forever.

And that is why the BFC doesn't exist.

Beefeater
Beefeater
Beefeater
so pure...so smooth

Beefeater Dry Gin retains its fine taste even in mixes.
Distilled and bottled in London, England.



The Events Portrayed On This Page Are E

SAC Full of Vegetables

or: The Brute Force Committee Which Does Not Exist Never Has Existed And Never Will Exist Emphatically Denies Any Knowledge of The Following Halloween Capers

On Monday, October 31, members of the BFC did not meet in Joe AWKESP's office to discuss certain last minute details for an imaginary gift befitting our unfortunately existent SAC president. Understanding the arties' overwhelming desire to be surrounded by those of similar intellectual capacity, the BFC did not decide to supply SAC with many, many gourd-like vegetables.

Several vegetables and fruit dealers were not contacted in an effort to locate 5 gross of large spherical more-or-less-orange and somewhat hollow members of the cucurbita genus. Those dealers who were not so cooperative may be visited by Mario's Bakery. A ten-ton dumptruck and an eighteen ton van were not procured for the transportation of the squash-resembling objects.

The group of mythical BFC members deny then splitting up into the non-existent trucks and following cars to pick up the fictitious marrow fruit.

Several hours, a few rotten pumpkins, and many beer later, the advance procuring party did

not link up with the main expeditionary force. After the use of several "attitude adjustment kits" (about four cases) an advance party of two B&E specialists and one drunken nerd were not sent out to reconnoiter the premises. No entry was found into the building or Tuzyk's office, so word was not sent back to the main force that the front doors would be waiting open.

Meanwhile the main force did not retire to an imaginary room in the mechanical building to go over the final details of the delivery and billing. The mythical BFC chief did not scream or threaten his followers into a state of semi-coherency in preparation for the caper. On receipt of the message that SAC had not been successfully opened there was no great rejoicing. The message

warned that the smell in Tuzyk's office was almost intolerable as the diaper pail had not been emptied recently.

Finally the time had not cum. The two trucks did not roll out with lights off, and did not speed quite as quietly as possible to the SAC building. They were not parked at the north and west sides of the building, and then they were not unloaded by two pumpkin brigade lines through the front door and Tuzyk's office window.

While the pumpkins were not busy mysteriously appearing in the SAC building, several pieces of the ring mechanisms of the SAC telephones were not removed and neatly packaged, nor was a game of anagrams played with the wires of the phone system.

With only nine of the semi-gelatinous spheroids awaiting disembarkation, the Mickey Mice were not reported to be on their way. The group did not then retire leaving 800 pumpkins and 10 zucchini artistically arranged to a depth of five feet in Tuzyk's office, completely filling the basement stairwell and tastefully arranged throughout the building.

The Mickey Mice then did not report seeing thirty or so imaginary students scrambling nonchalantly out of windows and heading southwest across King's College Circle. A certain fool did nit stick around to pretend to take all the credit himself as if he had been 'just passing by', had heard a noise, and was just 'investigating'. The group did not chortle, guffaw, and fall helplessly to the ground with mirth. There was also no singing or back-slapping over the recently non-accomplished mythical caper. Upon retiring to the new Eng. Soc. Offices the mice were not locked out of the building when they came to offer their congratulations. The BFC did not sit on the floor finishing off the beer and chuckling over the plight of the mice below.

The mice then did not call their headquarters for a set of keys to the building, and then the BFC did not mysteriously disappear into thin air. The mice, upon the arrival of the keys, did not storm the Engineering Society Offices and ask of two Toike staffers "Where are the rest of all those other guys?"

The Toike staffers then did reply "What other guys?"

YES! You Read It All Here FIRST

- The TOIKE scoops the Varsity for all the HEAVY stories

Nonexistent Narticle

"Grrr," said the wolf, leaping at Little Red Riding Hood. "I'm going to eat you."

"For God's sake," Red replied. "Doesn't anybody fuck anymore?"

An engineer we know has discovered a new way to get a nurse to sleep with him. "I tell her that I'll name her as beneficiary on a \$50000 life insurance policy with double indemnity if I ball myself to death."

It is a tradition at this noble institution that every president has at one time or another found, enshrined in his office, a car, horse carriage, or similar device. The BFC, which does not exist, never has existed, and never will exist, wish to announce at this time that they deny absolutely and utterly having had any involvement in the appearance of the present mysterious apparition. The mythical group asserts that they went down to Newark NJ to pick up a loaf of bread and two cheese danishes, at the time that the alleged car did not appear in John Evan's office.

The BFC did not assemble at 12:00 PM on the night of Tuesday, November 29 in the heat engines lab of the mechanical building. There was not a 1969 Morris Cooper (similar to a Mini, but a lot heavier) stripped down and painted blue and yellow waiting there. The imaginary members deny absolutely having received the car as a gift from Mario's Bakery. The group did not then sit and listen to lectures about the operation: means of entry, communications, etc. After having not practiced moving the car up and down a flight of stairs while maintaining a low mortality rate the car was not moved over to its port of entry.

The guards were not dealt with by inserting a 6" hunting knife in the third intercostal space and rotating the blade 39.7 degrees, thus effectively distracting them for the rest of the night. The car was not carried up the stairs and placed with minimal non-existent damage in the president's inner office. A token from Mario was not left on the desk.

The totally fictitious BFC explain that the car was a warning threat from Mario to Dr. Evans. Evans, they say, is heavily in debt to Mario's loan sharking operation. Apparently he borrowed the money in order to finance his election campaign and finance his habits.



Mafia Bakery Car

Newark, NJ. - The theft last Tuesday, November 29, of the car belonging to Mario's Bakery was the hot news lately among Newark's underworld sources. The Bakery is known to be a front for a Mafia Boss who is known only as Mario. One informant gave an account of the event. Apparently a group of non-existent engineers burst into the Bakery at about 11:00 PM on

Tuesday and demanded the keys to the car: a blue and yellow Morris Cooper (Mario is reputed to be very cheap). The informant explained that there were about 50 engineers in all, and their excuse was that they had a heavy date. When Mario did not comply but rather complained of the disappearance of his 800 favorite pumpkins, and 10 very friendly zucchini, the blue-helmeted hoard stormed out, picked up the car,



ntirely Mythical



Stolen

and headed off in a northwesterly direction. When Mario was contacted he had this to say: "I'ma reala reala mad. Ima gonna get thosa guys! Ana you keepa you mouth shut!"

Rumour has it that the car was smuggled into Canada and has been bought by a university president there. Mario did not seem surprised at the news. He was last reported organizing a hit against the non-existent crew.



ENGINEERING STORES

JUST-IN-TIME FOR-CHRISTMAS

SALE

This is your last chance to stock up on all those Skule supplies before the exams begin.

Or just drop by and help us decorate the tree, and give June a seasonal smooch!

We'll be back in January, so until then...

We wish you a VERY MERRY CHRISTMOOSE!



*Santa says,
here's a
Christmas*

BONUS for you

EXAM REPRINTS are in!

WE HAVE A KNACK FOR HELPING ALL "KNICKS"

Third floor Old Metro Library building Open regular hours until noon Friday



★ STAR WHORES ★



From the Adventures of Luke Dogfucker—Part Three

When we last saw our gay adventurers, Solo was knocked into hyperspace by the Whoopie's inimitable handiwork. The others followed only moments behind in the Millennium Faggot, hoping somehow to reach Alderaan after Solo had had his fill.

However, unbeknownst to all aboard that ship, the Death Star was approaching Alderaan also. And it was awesome to behold. It was the size of a large moon and had a deep, narrow canal running down its surface. The canal was flanked on either side by two massive, spotty cheeks, and in its centre lay a perfectly round orifice. Not unlike a Cyclops, it was without doubt the largest moon that was ever hung in the universe.

Within the bowels of this astronomical anus, Laya Orgasma paced back and forth restlessly in her cell. Her scratching and picking was cut short as the cell door slid open, revealing the syphilitic carcass of Lord Death Farter. If it wasn't for the disease, there'd be nothing holding him together. Through the cloud of flies, one could see a spherical torture mechanism buoyed by repulsors hovering in the air. Into its very tiny brain was programmed every known torture and atrocity ever conceived by human or alien mind.

"It is time to reveal to me the location of your accursed brothel," Death Farter said, talking loudly above the constant racket of maggots feasting on his rotting flesh.

"Blow my grandmother, fungus-face!" the princess snarled treating Farter to another one of her infamous nut-crackers. He staggered backwards in a daze as his gangrenous tool shot across the room and landed in the far corner. A mechanized garbage collector quickly seized it and raced out of the room, with Farter in hot pursuit.

In the meantime, however, Farter's mechanical mercenary glided noiselessly into the room and stopped before the princess. Farter's shrill wailing faded down the hallway as the door closed silently on the cell.

Far removed from this sordid scene, the Millennium Faggot jerked on through hyperspace. On board, Kenobby was attempting to instruct Luke in the masterly use of the Jedi Dickstick. Luke floundered recklessly with the laser powered device, ripping bits and pieces out of Freebio, 4Q and the ship as he struggled to duel with the mechanical teaching device.

"Ah shit, there's nothing to this electronic dildo, Bent," Luke said sincerely.

"There's not a man crazy enough to take you on, Luke," Kenobby said, standing in a steadily increasing pool of urine. Accidentally, Blowjobba came too near and stood horrified as Luke reduced his Whoopiehood to hamburger with only a few wild slashes.

"Zorro," 4Q whistled quietly to Freebio.

"I heard that," Luke said, and tore 4Q's probe off. Hand viewed the Whoopie's misfortune with cold indifference, knowing full well that they could regenerate anything they lost, however long.

In the meantime, however, the Death Star had reached Alderaan. In its control room, Grand Muff Diver reclined luxuriously in a leopard-skin lounging jacket, sipping on a very flat beer. From his comfy chair, he observed the planet Alderaan spinning away below him, and contemplated the fate of the billions of inhabitants on it. Stifling his laughter, he summoned Death Farter to the Bridge.

"I couldn't catch the little bugger," Farter whined upon his arrival. "He's got my knob."

"Tough shit," Diver said, attempting to console Farter. "Bring the young lady to me, please," he asked. Farter looked puzzled.

"Our royal captive," he persisted.

"Eh?" said Farter, summoning all the intelligence left in his cranium.

"Oh for fuck's sake, the princess, you arsehole," Diver howled. Farter broke out in a cold sweat...he hated the idea but went anyway.

Cautiously, Farter opened the door of the cell and carefully peered inside. There she stood, scratching her privates, one foot resting atop the torture sphere. Farter's jaw sagged, then fell off. The mechanical garbage collector raced up and snatched it.

"Oh shit!" Farter slobbered as it raced off to the incinerator.

Farter stared at the rusted, blood-stained torture sphere.... its lights blinking weakly and erratically.

"Christ, I just had the goddamn thing Ziebarted," he said.

"Is that the best you can do, Farter?" she sneered. Farter politely (but fearfully) offered to escort the princess to the bridge, leaving the sphere to decompose in misery.

Once on the bridge, Muff Diver offered to seat her at a chair.

"Let's talk business, my dear. How'd you like to work as one of my girls?" he asked.

"Go screw an ice bear!" she retorted. Muff Diver glowered angrily.

"They couldn't be any colder than you are, Princess," he snapped.

"You leave me with no other choice," he said ominously, "but to destroy your home planet Alderaan."

"So big deal... it's a syph colony anyway," she said, and pushed Muff's finger down on the firing button.

The orifice in the Death Star started to glow red. The entire frame shuddered as unimaginable energies built up within its bowels. When the critical pressure was reached, a massive jet of superheated gas roared through the orifice and descended on the planet like a blue angel of death.

"Served them right," Laya said and left.

Muff Diver stared blankly. "My god she's ruthless," Farter said in disbelief.

Meanwhile, on the Millennium Faggot, Luke flailed away with the Dickstick.

"Enough is enough!" Kenobby shouted, and paid Blowjobba.

"Look, you obnoxious little turd," he said, "You must learn to allow the Force to flow from every pore in your body, like vast rivers of pus streaming from a raw, festering sore," he said. Clutching his stomach, Freebio twisted the lid off 4Q and heaved his metallic guts up inside. Hand was next in line.

"Sheer poetry, old bastard," Luke said, and threw up his anus. Wiping his mouth, he faced the teaching device and tried to do as Kenobby suggested; unfortunately, his efforts amounted to no more than a blackhead. A paraplegic baboon with cerebral palsy looked like D'Artagnan compared to Luke.

"Alderaan ahead," Solo interrupted, and then slammed on the brakes without warning. Freebio, 4Q, Luke, Kenobby, Blowie and Hand were all plastered on the front wall of the ship. Before Solo and Blowie could take advantage of this rendezvous to play kissy-face, the ship was buffeted from all sides.

"This should be the place, sweetie," Solo told Kenobby.

"You're an idiot," Kenobby said.

Before Solo could agree, a Tie fighter whizzed by the window. Hand raced over, rolled down the window to have a look, and happened to notice the gargantuan Death Star hanging around.

"Hey guys, talk about a big ass!" he twittered. A thought struggled to occur to Kenobby but gave up in the attempt. Smoke curled from his left ear as he made an almost coherent sentence: "That thing must have destroyed Alderaan... I felt a ripple in the Force as though a billion people died with their nose hairs aflame," he said.

"You and your force, old man," Solo laughed, "Pure fairy tales. How much bull do you think I can swallow?" he asked.

"Several inches, I'll bet," Kenobby answered. There was no time to argue.

"Oh dear," Solo interjected, "it's seen us." He tried to pull-start the hyperdrive engines, but it was too late. Huge hemorrhoid-like projections shot out of the orifice of the Death Star and wrapped their slimy tentacles around the Millennium Faggot.

"Quick, Blowie, release the Preparation H Bomb!" Solo screamed. The Whoopie complied, but to no avail. The ship was slowly dragged into the Death Star.

In the rectum room aboard the Star, Porn Troopers watched disinterestedly as the rotten derelict was hauled inside. Once safely docked, two troopers climbed into the ship, only to find no one aboard.

On the lower level, the six adventurers hid from view.

"Why the hell did we have to hide in the goddamn septic tank?" Luke asked disgustedly. Kenobby lay back on a floating chunkle.

"Would you rather be caught?" Solo asked.

"You know it," Luke answered. Freebio stood on top of a rather pissed-off 4Q unit, submerging him in the mire.

Above them, one trooper took turns on Solo's trampoline, while the other filled his pockets with vibrators and whips.

Hand sneaked up on the troopers from behind (his favourite approach) and split their skulls delicately with a sledge hammer.

"I love dressing up," he giggled mischievously. They flushed the decapitated troopers down the toilet and donned their suits.

"Quick before we're noticed...let's get out of here," Luke shouted down to the others through the toilet bowl.

They raced down the corridor and found a computer console at the end. "Plug in," Kenobby ordered. Luke dropped his drawers.

"Cut it out, can't ya?" Kenobby said in exasperation, "I meant that the 4Q unit should plug in." Luke zipped up disappointedly, and 4Q did as requested.

"Well?" Kenobby asked.

"I don't know, sir... he keeps saying 'cheap bitch' over and over again," Freebio explained.

Bored with the proceedings, Kenobby offered to singlehandedly cauterize the hemorrhoids that entrapped them in the Star. "See you later" he said.

"And may the Force leave with you," Hand choked.

"Hey Troopers, new in town?" the princess interrupted, having been casually strolling undisturbed throughout the Death Star.

What atrocious makeup, Hand thought enviously. Luke stumbled over his tongue: "We're here to help you escape, I think," he said, seeing her huge knockers in person for the first time.

"Whoopie Bantha chips," she said, clearly unimpressed. Suddenly, from both ends of the corridor, masses of Porn Troopers burst in.

"Hand me that blaster, twerp," she said to Luke, then blasted a hole through the wall.

"Gang-bang!" she screamed and then slid through the opening. The others followed quickly, only to end up knee-deep in a foul smelling liquid.

"Where the hell are we?" asked Luke, looking around. Just then, from under the slime, a tentacle appeared and wrapped around Luke's leg, dragging him under...

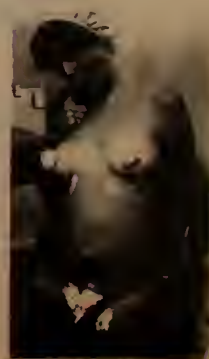
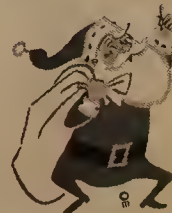


THE TOIKE OIKE PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Gifts THAT GIVE INSTANT PLEASURE



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CANCONBALL IS COMING SOON

watch for it...



TEACHING ASSISTANTS

The GAA needs you!

- * Negotiations with the University for our second contract have not been going well. We have been offered a pay increase of only 5%, compared to the 9.4% increase won by the Faculty Association! To get more pay we need more bargaining power.
- * We have been told a firm "NO!" to most of our demands for better working conditions. For example, the University refuses to grant provisions that would allow TAs to ascertain whether they will work the following year.
- * The only way to improve the University's offer is to show them that we have your support. That means that we must sign up over 50% of our bargaining unit (people are not automatically GAA members if they teach). We now have over 850 members, yet we need 160 more.

You need the GAA!

- * The GAA bargains on your behalf whether or not you are a member, but if you are not a member you have no say in what we bargain for, nor what we accept as the contract.
- * The Union fights for you if you have a problem. We intervened last year for 9 people in Electrical Engineering alone. These problems were solved successfully--resulting in pay reimbursements of \$1200 to the E.E. members and a reduction in their workloads.
- * Our dues are low--1.2% of your monthly TA salary. Dues will be lowered in proportion to membership growth.

FILL OUT THE MEMBERSHIP FORM YOU RECEIVED IN THE MAIL OR GIVE IT TO YOUR STEWARD, DROP IT IN THE CAMPUS POST, OR COME BY OUR OFFICE AT THE G.S.U. BUILDING: 16 BANCROFT AVENUE, AND

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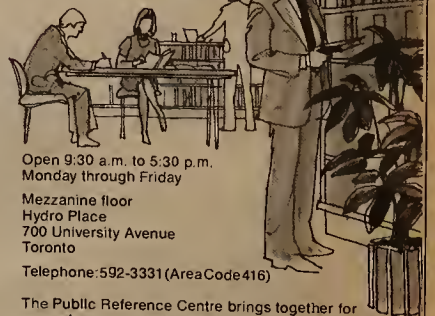
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Third floor Old Metro Library Building
QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED!

ENG.SOC. OFFICES BUGGED / SO'S JOE -

Top-Hat Diodes Rear Their Ugly Head

(PUCK) - Special Report from Toike Oike Investigative Reporter.

Following the recent reports of illegal electronic surveillance on the persons of elected officials in Ottawa, Joe(AWKESP) requested the U of T Physical Plant to send someone over to the Engineering Society Offices to check for bugs. However, nothing was found. After the exterminator left, Joe once again phoned Physical Plant. This time he asked for someone to check the office for electronic listening devices. As he put down the phone, he heard a muffled knock on his partition.

Stepping around the corner of his partition, Joe found a man clad in coveralls, a tool box in hand and a stocking pulled over his head. Joe, being very broad-minded, merely asked what he wanted. "I hear you need an expert in electronic surveillance," Joe, always ready with a straight line, asked how he'd heard so quickly. "Oh, it just came to me like a summons from the ether." Accepting this, Joe explained that he wanted the office checked for bugs. After Joe explained that he did not want an exterminator (being more interested in the electronic than the six-legged) the man went about his work, but two days later reported finding nothing, and presented his bill.

At this time I was lounging in

the Toike Oike office, having only two mid-terms and four problem sets that day, when I awoke to a thunderous bellowing. Recognizing the Taurean tone, I knew it could only be Joe (AWKESP), and so returned to my contemplation for another five minutes. Joe, now being in a semi-somnambulant state, was sitting in his desk chair in his office, endlessly repeating "six hundred dollars" as if it were his newest mantra. Quickly dismissing this possibility, I spied a piece of paper in his hand. I saw nothing suspicious about this until my eyes stopped on an item on the bill that read "Replaced transmitter batteries -- 12 sets at \$1.95 -- \$23.45". Whipping out my calculator, my suspicions were confirmed. He had overcharged. If he could do this in this day and age, who knew what other unspeakable deeds he might have committed on our beloved Eng Soc Offices.

Rushing to the other end of the room, I immediately informed Dug (AWKTE) and Claudia of my worst suspicions. When these didn't go over, I tried my best suspicions. That got them interested! We immediately decided to conduct our own search for bugs. Feeling that security, like charity, begins in the home, we commenced by searching the Toike Oike office. Our search turned up only four cockroaches

and a mouse. At this point, we asked a passing mechanical to open up our phone so we could check for microphones, transmitters, top-hat diodes, and the like. After restraining him and reminding him that it was telephone. BOOKS not telephones, that one tears in half, I whipped out my regulation Engineering Scientist multi-tip-screwdriver-wrench-plier-breathalyser-bottle-opene and soon had the cover removed. We gasped! There it was! A top-hat diode! We were chafing at the bit to get to our typewriters. Here we were, with what every reporter that shouted "Press" wished for in his fondest dreams: a juicy scandal. It was at this point that we realised we were in the dark. With my lightning intellect I soon knew the answer. The power had failed. We all began trying to find our way outdoors. I thought I had found the way, but it turned out to be Claudia.

When I regained consciousness, the question foremost in my mind (well, almost) was why the emergency lights had not come on. Once again having recourse to my tool, we proceeded to disassemble one of the emergency lights. To our chagrin we found that the bulbs in the lights had been replaced with miniature microphones and transmitters, using the reflectors to turn the units into highly sensitive

directional microphones. We were worried. We needed official action. So, we retired to DJ's to calm our nerves with 15 of his finest, and to find a phone we felt was secure. When we were able to reach the phone, we dialed MSMOUSE and soon were talking to Sgt. Panther of the yard. He said that he had been expecting our call, and what could he do for us. To this, and not being able to resist a straight line, we replied "What's on second." "Who?" "No, Who's on first" "I don't know." "No,"

After about fifteen minutes we arrived at the truth of the matter and returned to the Eng Soc Offices to rendezvous with officers Vole and Thompson's-Gazelle. They proceeded to take 27 8x10 colour glossy photographs with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one to be used as evidence. They then took their leave, leaving the bugs with the explanation that only a union electrician could make electrical alterations. It was then we hit upon a devilish plan to launch a campaign of psychological warfare and misinformation against our unknown listeners. Through a mind-numbing array of daytime television commercials, readings from old Toikes and transcripts of Joe's (AWKESP) speeches we have brought the culprits to the verge of insanity. To see the

devastating effects of this, one need only pick up a copy of the Varsity.

Thus, once again, through the vigilance of the dedicated staffers of the Toike Oike, engineers can jay-walk across St. George secure in the knowledge that everyone at the Varsity is truly mad.

A Story
by Arthur Nonymous

Once upon a time there was a moose. The moose's name was Ralf, but all his friends called him Ralf. He was a happy moose, living in his forest with the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees and very few nurses.

So anyway, one day Fred was wandering along on the way to his grandmother's house (which of course is another story), when suddenly out from under a rock there popped a Toike editor. Now, Fred was not too worried since he had seen a Toike editor before, but only at a distance and behind bars at the zoo. But Fred was a brave moose (which is why his friends called him Ralf).

"Hello . . ." said the Toike editor. "I'm the Toike editor!"

"Hello yourself," said Fred frankly. "I'm a MOOSE!"

The Toike editor was shocked. "A moose? Really? you've got to be kidding!"

Now, at this point Fred began to get a bit worried. Why was the Toike editor so excited about meeting a moose? Something strange was afoot - perhaps even something perverted!

"Oh my" said Fred quietly to himself. "What's all this then?"

"A MOOSE!" the Toike editor suddenly screamed.

"Oh oh," thought Fred, "it's time to escape."

So he bounded off into the woods. The Toike editor menacingly stood his ground for a moment, then gently pitched over onto his face and started snoring.

The End.

SKULE FISH FLOAT FASTEST

On Wednesday Nov. 9, the 1977 Engineering Swim-Team splashed to a devastatingly impressive victory. Skule outscored the second and third place teams (Knox and Vic) combined, with one of the strongest showings in Interfaculty swimming history.

As well as never scoring less than first place points in the individual events, coaches Tim Maryon and Hank Vehovic concentrated on setting up strong relay teams (relays score double points) so that Engineering won all 3 relays but also placed high with our 'B' and 'C' teams. Our strongest showing was in 200 Medley Relay where 1st 2nd, and 5th gave us 28 of 44 points possible for that one event.

Tremendous spirit was observed on this years team with more than twice the number of swimmers over last year's team. There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that certain individuals were gotten fucked and given Ferraris to swim.

Virtually every swimmer contributed points to the Skule victory, and individually Joe Wright and Ralph Hoffman both scored 3 firsts. All members of the team will receive pen sets except Joe and Ralph who will receive engraved beer mugs. Thanks again to all the swimmers for the gargantuan effort they put forward.

P.S. We stroked hard and it came!

Note: Waterpolo season is now starting! Anyone interested in playing Waterpolo for Engineering call Tim Maryon, 978-2607.

OLD YEAR'S NIGHT BALL

December 31, 1977, Hart House

CATAPULT University of Toronto,
into the next half-century at the

SESQUICENTENNIAL OLD YEAR'S NIGHT BALL

Dance- 9:00 pm. → 3:00 am.

The Multiple Sounds of the
TRUMP DAVIDSON DANCE BAND

Feast On Giant Sesqui Salmon
seated at our LAVISH BUFFET DINNER

Sing-A-Long
with Queen Bess - the Pearly Queen
in the extraordinary atmosphere
of the East Common Room
especially imported for this occasion

Then...

at the stroke of Midnight welcome the New Year
with a complimentary glass of

Champagne courtesy of SAC

Tickets: \$30.00 per couple,
available from the Hall Porter, Hart House

JOHN'S SONG

sung to the tune

of "Take Me Out
to the Ball Game."

Take me out to the Clarke,
Lock me up in a cell,
Buy me some treatment and
therapy,
I wouldn't care if I never got free,
'Cause it's paste, paste, paste the
electrodes,
Turn the voltage up high,
And it's one, two, three shocks,
you're out!
Won't you let us try.

Paranoics and Schizoids,
Warped, bent, crazed or just nuts,
They'll cut and they'll slice, who
knows what they'll do,
Lobotomies for those who
threaten to sue.
But that's no, no, not, very likely,
When the experiments done,
All you'll be fit for's the vegetable
patch,
But we'll all have fun.

Last Day of Classes (for artsies)

is **FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9th**



featuring

LISA HARTT

Dr. John's - U.C. refectory

LENNY SOLOMON

New College - Wetmore Hall

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